

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,  
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.  
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,  
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed Land  
May not be punish't with my thwarting starres,  
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,  
I there resigne my Gouernment to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still bene sam'd for vertuous,  
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,  
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,  
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,  
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:  
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.

King, Warwick and Clarence, giue me both your Hands:  
Now ioyn your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,  
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:  
I make you both Protectors of this Land,  
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,  
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,  
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yeeld consent,  
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow  
To Henries Body, and supply his place;  
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,  
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.  
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,  
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,  
Let me entreat (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,  
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:  
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,  
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,  
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

Somerset. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Lays his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth  
To my diuining thoughts,  
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.  
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,  
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,  
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe  
Likely in time to blisse a Regall Throne:  
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee  
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poete.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Poete. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,  
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?

Poete. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,  
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:  
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge,  
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide  
A salue for any sore, that may betide.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:  
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,  
And we shall haue more Warres before't be long.  
As Henries late presaging Prophecie  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond,  
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Confects,  
What may befall him, to his harme and ours,  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittainie,  
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possesse the Crowne,  
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittainie,  
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings,  
and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,  
And sayes, that once more I shall interchange  
My wained state, for Henries Regall Crowne.  
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,  
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Rauenspurre Hauens, before the Gates of Yorke,  
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.  
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,  
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboardments must not now affright vs:  
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,  
and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,  
We were fore-warn'd of your coming,  
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues:  
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,  
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,  
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.  
Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends.

Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.  
He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.  
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,  
So'twere not long of him: but being entred,  
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade  
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,  
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.  
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,  
Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,  
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme  
and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomerie,  
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,  
As every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:

But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,  
And onely clayme our Dukedome,  
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,  
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:

Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee'le debate  
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,  
If you'le not here proclaim your selfe our King,  
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,  
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?  
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,

Then wee'le make our Clayme:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,

And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be Edward's Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:  
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of  
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe're gainesayes King Edwards right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throwes downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long liue Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomerie,

And thankes vnto you all:

If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.  
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:  
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre  
Abooue the Border of this Horizon,  
Wee'le forward towards Warwick, and his Mates;  
For well I wor, that Henry is no Souldier.  
Ah froward Clarence, how euill it becomes thee,  
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother?  
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwick.  
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,  
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague,  
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsaile, Lords, Edward from Belgia,  
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,  
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,  
And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,  
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence  
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee,  
Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.  
And thou, braue Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends,  
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,  
Like to his land, gyrt in with the Ocean,  
Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs,  
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:  
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply:  
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinkest your Lordship?

Me thinkest, the Power that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:

I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,

Nor posted off their suites with slow delays,

My pittie hath bene balme to heale their wounds,

My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,

My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.

I haue not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they loue Edward more then me?

No Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace: